





# *The Latin School Register*

MEMBER COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC  
PRESS ASSOCIATION

## *Spring Issue*

*Volume LXV*

*May, 1946*

*Number 5*

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT JULY, AUGUST  
AND SEPTEMBER BY THE STUDENTS OF THE  
BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL, AVENUE  
LOUIS PASTEUR, BOSTON, MASS.

TERMS: One dollar twenty-five cents per year; by mail  
one dollar and fifty cents. Entered as second class  
matter October 12, 1898 at the Post Office at Boston,  
Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Advertising  
rates on application. Contributions solicited from  
undergraduates. All contributions must be plainly,  
neatly, and correctly written, on one side of the paper  
only. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard  
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## *“Tempus Fidgets”*

RALPH F. GOLDMAN, '46

Mark Meanor sleepily looked at the clock as it ticked away on the kitchen shelf. “Quarter of twelve. I’ll make one more stab at it.” He opened a thick book, propped it up before him on the table, and began to recite. “Arma virumque cano, Troiaequi primus. . . .” He lost the place, being in a semi-dormant state. He started again. “Arma virumque cano . . . aaah, why the heck does a guy have to learn this stuff, anyway? . . . If I had my way. . . . Imagine having to learn seven lines of this foolishness,” he griped to himself. He rested his chin on the book to get a better view of the line. Suddenly the letters seemed to become larger. Then he fancied he heard voices. He looked around. Nobody in the room; radio off. He turned back to the Latin book, and watched in horror as the “s” in “primus” suddenly stood up like an “I”, yawned, said, “Oh,

my aching back!”, and then, shooting across the page, became a long mark over an ablative in “a”. A voice shouted, “Fall in!”, and instantly all the letters on the page formed ranks. “Forward, maahch!” The black line moved off the page to the tune of a piano playing ‘Rug Cutter’s Holiday’. Mark blinked his eyes. A blank page met his gaze. He rose to get the book they had given him in school. Too late! A voice droned in the distance. It came nearer and nearer, and Mark heard:

Synaeresis, Synizesis, Syllaba  
Ancepsis

Periphrasis, Patronymies, where is  
Prolepsis?

He felt a strong hand clutching his shoulder. “All right, you; don’t move. Are you prepared today?” Mark faltered.

“Not very well, sir.”

"I didn't inquire about your health," the voice said. "You flunk! Go!"

Mark staggered out of the room. "Marcus, whither goest thou?" shouted some one behind him. Mark turned. Running toward him was a fat-faced youth dressed in what Mark recognized as an old Roman toga.

"Don't you recognize your old friend Tydeus?" the fat-faced youth asked as he came up to Mark.

The latter was puzzled, but he wanted to see what this was all about. "Sure; of course," asserted Mark. Then he remembered the first question a Class One-er always asks.

"Do you, by any chance, owe me some money?" he inquired of Tydeus.

"Come to think of it," the other replied, "I do owe you five sesterces. But I'll pay you back as soon as I start selling programs at the Circus Maximus. I've just perfected a new high-power sales technique. Listen. 'Get your programs here,' he bawled, 'You can't tell the lions from the gladiators without a program'."

"Good, good," Mark said; "but that's a sharp-looking bedsheet you have on, Tydeus."

"Yours is getting shiny in the back, friend Marcus," Tydeus returned. Mark was horrified when he looked down and saw his sandaled feet sticking out from under a long toga.

"Well," he said with resignation, "I guess I'm now a full-fledged 'cives togatus'."

Mark (or Marcus, as he was called in Latin) soon discovered that the city in the streets of which he was walking was ancient Rome. But he wasn't very much surprised; nor was he curious as to how he had come there. He was just very much relieved to be out of that Latin class. The only thing that Marcus was concerned about was his financial standing. His worries were soon dispelled when Tydeus led him to a money-lender, who, fascinated by the colors and strange in-

scriptions on the lunch-checks and car-tickets which Marcus, oddly enough, found in the folds of his toga, gladly exchanged them for Roman money. Thus armed, Marcus and Tydeus wandered through the streets of Rome.

Idling down one narrow street, they suddenly came upon a large crowd gathered around the old Roman version of a bookshop. Everybody was shoving and pushing. Over the doorway of the little shop was a large sign which, translating freely from the Latin, Marcus interpreted "DUE TO STRIKES AMONG THE SCRIBES, PRODUCTION OF THESE BOOKS HAS BEEN SLOWED DOWN. WE THEREFORE LIMIT PURCHASE TO ONE TO A CUSTOMER. GET YOURS NOW! PRICE, only 25 SESTERCES."

Mark pushed his way through the crowd, at the same time extracting twenty-five sesterces from a little bag around his neck. He held out the money to the proprietor, who handed him in return a large parchment-bound volume. Pushing back through the crowd, Marcus examined his purchase, then groaned. On the cover was written in crude handwriting:

LIBER PRIMUS  
P. VERGILI MARONIS  
AENEIS

Tydeus snatched the volume from him. "What's this?" he asked, as he thumbed through the pages. Then he became so interested in it that then and there he sat down on the curbstone and began to read it. Marcus meanwhile wandered further up the street, where he listened to an old man prove some new propositions on triangles, just discovered in Greece. Before he left the old man standing there dumbfounded, Marcus had demonstrated five propositions on the circle. Soon Tydeus was with him again. "Wonderful!" he exclaimed, holding up the book. "Best fairy tale I've read in years. Let's go find this guy Vergilius and see what else he's written!"

They went back to the bookshop, where they learned Vergilius' address: Number Three Via Semesa. And now as they were climbing the last flight of steps in the rickety building, they heard strange sounds, as if someone were cursing. Tydeus put his knuckle against the door to rap on it; but as he did so, the door fell in. Nonplussed, they entered the room in a great cloud of dust.

In the dim light they saw a man sitting near the window with a stylus in his hand and a roll of parchment spread out before him. "Are you Vergilius Maro?" Tydeus breathlessly asked.

"Truly spoken" the man sadly replied. "But who may you be?" he asked, in the subjunctive. Tydeus introduced himself and Marcus, and asked Vergilius about his stories.

"Ah, woe is me," the poet despairingly replied. "The Eclogues and the Georgics were just Catalepta (trifles) compared with the Aeneid. Liber Primus caused me no trouble at all. But this Liber Secundus; I'm all run out of ideas." Just then something clicked in Marcus' brain. "Why, I read the synopsis to Book Two at home," he thought. 'Here's my chance to help out Vergil. But wait a minute! Have I gone nuts? If I help him write this, I'll only have to translate it when I get back to school. On second thought, though, I think I'll help him out.' Slowly Marcus pieced together the story of Aeneas' adventures. Vergilius eagerly wrote down everything he said, and when Marcus Meanor had finished talking, Liber Secundus of the *Aeneid* had been set down in black and white.

After Marcus and Tydeus had left, Vergilius heaved a sigh of relief. 'Now', he thought, 'my reputation as a poet will be made. I can hardly wait until the royalties from this second book start pouring in. Then I'll be able to pay off the butcher, the baker, and the book-maker. But if I know human nature, that impudent youth Marcus will demand three-fourths of all the profit! "Ho,



there!" he shouted, leaning out of the window, and immediately three men with knives at their sides and an evil glint in their eyes strode into the room. "Now, you cutthroats," he said, "it will pay you well if you get rid of one Marcus Meanor for me. You will probably find him walking along the Via Semusta with a friend of his. Take care of both of them. Now, begone!" Wordlessly, the three cutthroats turned and left the room.

So it happened that, as Tydeus and Marcus were walking down the Via Semusta toward the city, they were suddenly grabbed from behind by unseen hands. Before they could even make an outcry, sacks had been thrown over their heads, and they had been bound hand and foot. Marcus was separated from Tydeus, and the next thing he knew, Marcus had been draped across a horse's back. With an unseen hand guiding the reins, the horse galloped away. After an interval of riding, the horse came to a stop and Marcus was taken from his position across its back and stood on his feet, the sack still over his head. "Just for your information, young fool", the voice of the cutthroat growled, "you are standing on the edge of the highest cliff hereabouts. You'd better send a wire to

your ancestors on Mount Olympus and tell them to reserve a seat on the aisle for you!"

"Yes, yes!" Mareus cried; "but there's a housing shortage in Heaven, and my ancestors will tell me to go to —."

"Enough of this foolishness!" interrupted the voice of the robber. A moment later, Mareus felt himself falling through space . . . falling . . . falling. He heard himself asking, "Why? Why?" Then blackness. . .

\* \* \*

Mark Meanor opened his eyes. Everything was spinning in front of him. He shook his head and put his hand to his forehead. It was wet with a cold sweat. He stood up; and it was then that he realized that he was in the kitchen at home. Looking down at the table, he saw his Latin book, still open at the first page. He shuddered, and slammed it shut; then picked up the chair he had been sitting on; and looked at the clock. "Two o'clock!" he mumbled. "Boy, I'll never get any sleep tonight!"

And so to bed.

## *The Saga of Black Tom*

NORMAN S. WILLIAMS, '46

Black Tom was the scourge of all good  
men;

Of him my tale is told.

He lived not many years ago,

And died for love of gold.

He had not pity for those he robbed;

He took their every treasure.

And if they begged him for it back,

It added to his pleasure.

The angry victims cursed and fumed;

Throughout the land his name was  
spread.

A reward was offered publicly—

"One thousand dollars, alive or dead!"

One night he went to bury his gold

On an island off the shore;

A huge wave came out of the sea,

And his boat was seen no more.

"Been dead about two years," they said.

When they found him in the sand.

They also found a piece of gold

Clutched tightly in his hand.

In life or death, this man so bold

Had never lost his lust for gold.

## Portrait of An Officer

PAUL R. GRIFFIN, '46

Have you met Stan?

You will.

Stan is a cadet captain.

He is very proud of his rank.

The day he was commissioned he went to all his friends, saying, "You may touch me."

They did—for a total of sixteen bucks.

Stan thinks his company is odoriferous.

The feeling is mutual.

Even "mutualler."

Stan's full name is Stanislaus Q. Wimpledimple.

His fellow-officers call him Stan; the rest of the company calls him —.

Since his promotion, Stan wonders if he is ranker than a certain person who expects him, a Senior, to do homework.

No comment.

Like most captains, he is very bright.

So are his silver buttons.

The buttons are smarter.

But in the Drill Hall he is in his glory.

When the bell rings, Stan yells, "Fall in!"

Nothing happens.

"Fall in!!!" he barks.

Still no response.

"Aw, come on, fellas; fall in, will ya. huh? Please, will ya?"

They do, eventually.

Then comes the manual.

"Right shoulder-arms!" he orders.

Oh, well; "Present Arms!"

"Don't bang the rifles!" shouts Stan.

Seventeen seconds later the seismologist at Western College records a major disturbance.

The result of his saying, "Bang the rifles!" would probably make the Atomic Bomb obsolete.

I would like you to see Stan's company do left face.

In fact, I'd like to see them do it myself.

So would Stan.

The manual having been disposed of, company manoeuvres are next attempted.

Most companies, when given the command "Column Left—March," turn left. (True, some turn right, but they are in the minority.)

Not so Stan's company.

They just stand there and look stupid.

Being Latin School boys, they don't have to try.

Then "Forward March" is given.

*That* they understand.

When his company approaches the brick wall at the end of the Drill Hall, Stan yells, "Halt!"

Some turn left, and some right.

Very few go straight through.



Usually this puts the first squad where the third squad should be, the fourth where the second should be, and the fifth out in the corridor. (The sixth is still trying to do "Right Shoulder Arms.")

This sounds like a mess.

It is.

They never do get straightened out.

When the bell rings, Stan makes the following sage observation: "Aha, this means the end of the period!"

As usual, he's right.

Some people think Stan is crazy.

I don't believe it.

The same people think I'm crazy.

They can't be right all of the time.

## *Lights*

HARLAN HAMILTON, '46

I stood upon a mountain top  
At twilight and watched the sun.  
Like a huge, red-hot penny,  
Drop behind a mountain range  
In the distance.

Scarcely had the lamp of day  
Been extinguished.  
When up from the valley below  
Twinkled the friendly lights  
Of snug farmhouses.

I looked up at the heavens  
And the smiling mistress of the sky.  
Up there were lights too.  
The stars twinkled.  
But they were distant and cold.

I thought of fireflies  
Flashing their tiny beams o'er the  
meadows.  
They have their lamps.  
Just like the homes below.  
Just like the sky above.

## *Two Beers*

SAMUEL EPSTEIN. '46

Last New Year's Eve, the foreman of the gang at Pier 81 telephoned to inform me that a banana ship had just arrived; and even though it was a holiday, I would be needed to help unload the perishable cargo.

It was so bitter cold that few people had ventured out doors to celebrate the evening. The temperature was only five below zero, but a raw north wind made it seem much colder. Along the waterfront, the streets were deserted except for a few sailors, on liberty from their vessels, who hurried past, their faces buried in the collars of their jackets. The frosty light of the street lamps failed to dispel the damp, icy darkness. The harbor was dotted with red and green lights, rising and dipping with each wave. From the roadstead, the deep-throated foghorn of some freighter coming into the harbor joined in a duet with the blustery wind.

On nights like this we usually have brandy before going on duty. Outside Pier 81, the dim yellow lights of a dingy tavern looked cozy; so I tramped in, slamming the door tight against the wind outside.

I hailed the bartender, made some banal remarks about the weather. I looked around me. A dozen seamen and a few longshoremen were lolling in the booths or at the bar. The pungent smoke of cigarettes and pipes pervaded the air. When my drink was ready, I sat down next to a burly fellow huddled over a mug of beer, who worked on my gang. Under his unbuttoned mackinaw he was wearing a checked flannel shirt. You could see his short, powerful neck. He had muddy brown eyes that greeted me silently.

"Happy New Year." I laughed.

He grinned, revealing an imperfect set of yellow teeth.

"What luck!" I complained. "It's a shame we have to work tonight. It's plenty cold outside; and anyway, I was going to have a good time."

The corner of Leo's eyes crumbled as if he were amused at my lament. He sipped his beer reflectively; then he murmured, "You know, I have a kid like you." "Go 'way, Leo, you're not that old." I slapped him on the back.

"No; it's the truth," he smiled. Leo became pensive again. "When he was a little fellow, he and I used to be great pals. Sundays we'd take walks in the park—you know—that park near Fifteenth Street. I used to buy him a bag of peanuts, and the kid would run around trying to feed the pigeons and squirrels, but doing a better job scaring them. Or in winter, I used to bundle him up and take him out on a sled. You know that hill near Sterling Street? Well, he liked me to pull him up the hill on the sled, and then he'd slide down himself."

A cold blast of air blew into the tavern as a group of merchant seamen left. Their voices and footsteps died away quickly. From the harbor came the hoo-hoo of some steamer.

Leo stared into his mug; then he continued: "My boy's a good swimmer, better than me even. In summer we used to go every day to Solar Park. Do you know that pier about 250 yards out? Well, he can swim from the beach to the end of the pier and back, and he won't even feel tired. One day he rescued a fellow from drowning at the beach. Yep, they put his picture in the papers

with a big write-up. Yeah, he's a good swimmer. But you couldn't expect anything else. After all, he's lived right next to the ocean most of his life."

Leo gulped down the last of his beer. He put his big, calloused hand into the pocket of his mackinaw, fumbled a moment, then pulled out a pack of cigarettes. He offered me one and took one himself. Leo took a few musing puffs on his cigarette before going on:

"He went to that Trade School down on Fairmount Avenue. He became a good electrician, my kid did. He always was good at those things. He used to spend hours with an old radio set tearing it apart and putting it together again to learn how it worked. But times were pretty tough those days, and he couldn't get a job in any electrical shop. So I got him work with me down here on the docks. That was before you started working, so you haven't met him yet."

Glasses clinked as Jimmie, the bartender, collected the glasses that merchant sailors had left behind on the table. Jimmie's cat, a fat tiger-striped animal, kept rubbing against our legs, arching its back, meowing and purring. The wind outside would sometimes sob like a baby; then it would shriek like a fire engine siren.

"My kid likes a glass a beer. We used to come down here Saturday night after we got paid and have a mug apiece. When the war came, he was subject to the draft, so he enlisted anyway in the navy. He's done O.K. for himself in the service. For that matter, he always gets along fine in everything he does, when he worked for me, and at school. Off Guadalcanal, his ship was on fire. He ran into the ammunition hold that was threatened by flames and doused the fire with fire-fighting apparatus. The whole boat might have been blown to bits any second. He was burned, too, and he was in the hospital for two months; so he got the Purple Heart. He

never wrote me about his medals, but I got letters from Washington telling all about it."

"When do you expect him home?" I asked, flicking ash from my cigarette.

"Did you hear about the 'Nome', that cruiser that went down two years ago. Well, that was his ship." I had heard about the "Nome". Out of a crew of six hundred only eighteen had escaped. There was no hope for the others.

Leo was still speaking.

"The government sent me a telegram saying my kid is missing; but that doesn't mean a thing, see. There have been plenty of cases where missing sailors are finally located. Yeah, my kid is a good swimmer; he can take care of himself. He likes a glass of beer, too. Say, why don't you have a glass of beer with me? It'll be something like old times for me. And in a few months my kid will be back. You'll like each other. Jimmie, two beers!"

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## *The Landschulheim*

MICHAEL GOTTSCHALK, '47

One of the places that I remember best from my youth is the "Landschulheim." Any one who knows even a little German will at once be able to deduce that it is (or was) a combination home and school in the country from the kindergarten through the high school.

The "Landschulheim" had as its pupils about one hundred and fifty Jewish boys and girls whose parents lived in the bigger cities and wanted to protect their children as much as possible from the atrocities the Nazis were committing. The school was located in southern Germany, in Württemberg. We were in Herrlingen about eight miles from Ulm which we often visited.

Herrlingen was comparatively friendly toward Jews, but there were some incidents. One night a gang of boys, in training to become members of Hitler Youth, hurled stones through the windows. Another time, when we heard that the Gestapo was coming for a check-up, we had to burn hurriedly some books, the authors or subject-matter of which were not in favor with the Nazis. We were affected when we heard that the synagogue in Ulm had been burned and when we were informed that the old rabbi had been assaulted and in a critical condition because of abuse by husky young Storm Troopers.

I was at the "Landschulheim" from 1934 to 1938; and despite the unpleasant experiences, all of us had much fun.

The huge main house must have been built for children, because it offered so

many opportunities for playing. It must have been good for other things also, for during part of the war it was reported that Rommel used it for his headquarters.

I well remember the large playing field, later defiled by military manoeuvres instead of being used for the enjoyment of children. I also remember the track and the many times that I won races there, feats that I do not seem to be able to repeat in this country. We often went hiking in the beautiful country, sometimes for several days.

But all was not fun there. We went to school from eight in the morning to twelve and from one to five in the afternoon. Owing in part to these longer hours, we learned much more than an American boy does in the same amount of time. Much stricter discipline also had something to do with it.

In 1939, after I had left the school, it was forced to close because of Nazi regulations. Those teachers and pupils who managed to emigrate are scattered over the world. Others were undoubtedly taken to concentration camps or sent to Poland and were killed there. I should be very much surprised if there are more than two or three living in Germany now.

At the moment, the building is being used to restore health to displaced persons and survivors of concentration camps. I wonder if the cries of pain of the present inhabitants will ever again be replaced by the happy shouts of playing children?

## *Symphony*

CLIFFORD D. STEWART, '46

When evening's shadows gently fall,  
When far horizon hides the sun,  
A crushing silence hangs o'er all  
Before night's symphony's begun.

Then from some small secluded lair  
Where forest creature, hidden, dwells,  
Comes forth into the night's clean air  
A piercing voice which trills and swells.

And from each dark and mystic dale  
Come forth a thousand other sounds;  
Each reaches out, the stars to hail,  
And then from hill to hill rebounds.

This symphony of tiny beast  
Desists not in its joyous song  
Till dawn's first rays stab through the  
East:  
Then Nature's symphony is gone.

## *Signs of Spring*

HARLAN HAMILTON, '46

These are spring days.  
How do I know?

I saw two robins on the lawn;  
I found sweet violets by a brook;  
I heard a whippoorwill at dusk;  
I watched two cows upon a mead;  
I saw a rainbow in the sky;  
I see new-clothed trees and shrubs.

These are the signs which make life  
glow;  
These are the signs I'll always know.

# EDITORIALS

## *Tom-Toms Throbbing*

On June 22, 1941, under cover of the longest night in the year, Hitler hurled the full weight of his Panzer units and Luftwaffe against Russia. (*June is the month of weddings, and joy, the month of jet night skies sprinkled with cool stars.*) That June, railroad stations all over America were jammed with vacationers, but in stations throughout the Soviet Union, women were saying good-bye to husbands, sons, brothers. Some were to return; too many of them did not.

During the following months, great cities fell like ducks in a shooting gallery — Vilna, Odessa, Minsk, Kiev, Kharkov. By December, Hitler's forces rolled within a few miles of Moscow. Only the steel-jaw tenacity of the Red Army soldiers and Russian women and children split the backbone of the powerful assault on the Kremlin. By December, 1942, the Germans stabbed deep into the Caucasus, not too far from the Caspian Sea. But the cool courage of the Russian people, both soldiers and civilians, prevented a complete break-through.

In America people were reading the opinions of many columnists. "The Reds will surrender in a week — in a month — in six months." These predictions were discreetly pondered from padded swivel-chairs in steam-heated newspaper rooms in New York, Washington, Chicago. (*No dull drone of enemy planes overhead, no crash of bombs on buildings outside, no burrowing cold of the wind on steppes.*)

"They cannot possibly withstand the might of the German onslaught. Look at France. Remember the fate of the British army in Flanders?" This from commentators paid three thousand dollars broadcasting from Radio City (*steel and concrete jutting into peaceful skies*), commentators sitting at mahogany desks reading bulletins; then analyzing the war situation — oh, so very carefully; moving little flags on big wall maps; finally broadcasting comments and predictions to many millions, to whom war means sitting at a radio listening to reports of victories, defeats, and casualty figures.

But they did not reckon with the Partisans . . . a hundred feet of ripped-up rails . . . a German troop train derailed a thousand miles behind the front lines. They did not take into reckoning the Red Navy units, which held out during the weeks of shelling at Sevastopol.

When ordered to surrender information concerning the Partisans, a twelve-year-old boy underwent maiming torture but still refused to speak. With tearless eyes, with bursting hearts the Russians blew up their Dnieper dam. This was their own miracle, paid for with their own sweat and pains. Multiply these acts by a hundred, a thousand, by ten thousand, and you have an inkling of the Russian spirit.

Yet now some are beating the tom-toms; they are clutching the atomic-bomb; they are pointing at Russia; they are shouting, "Use the bomb at once . . . Don't take chances . . . Bombings . . . War . . ."

. . . War . . . Heaps of rubble . . . Bony arms . . . Bellies swelled from hunger . . . Sunken eyes . . . Smoldering bitterness . . .

They are beating the tom-toms, clutching, pointing, shouting.

## *“Too Bad”*

The cement highway is straight — and wide — and smooth. To the four high school seniors in the convertible, gray 1935 Ford, it looks like a perfect road. The hands of the blond boy who grips the wheel are powerful, young, and vibrant — the hands of a youth eager for life and ready for its hardships. Perhaps, in the years to come, they'll hold an executive's cigar, a painter's easel, or a judge's gavel; but now they grasp the steering-wheel with a firmness that is youth itself.

This young driver, his hair tousled by the wind, is “out for a good time.” He has had his license for a year and hasn't been in an accident — yet. He has confidence — the eternal, optimistic, sometimes foolhardy confidence which is typically American. The boys with him know no fear, either; for they have confidence in their comrade's ability to drive. They have no fear as the speedometer climbs. They don't shake their heads, as does the middle-aged man on the side, who realizes that a long time has passed since 1935, that tires are worn smooth. They don't sigh, as does the prematurely-gray mother whose son was blown to bits while driving a jeep in North Africa and who knows that a “jalopy” is not dependable.

They laugh. They laugh and enjoy themselves because gas rationing is over, wonderful reconversion is on, the “super-doooper” new cars are on the way (as soon as the strikes are over), and Utopia is just around the corner. They want a taste of that magical future now, not ten years from now. So they speed.

But this six-lane modern highway is not a road to happiness. . . . Watch out! Just ahead is a sharp curve. The driver, with hands still clasped resolutely on the wheel, approaches it confidently at break-neck speed. But, as he zooms around the turn, one of those “just-as-good-as-real-rubber” synthetic tires blows out. The car hurtles towards a tree, out of control of those hands that threw a football so well. . . . The six-lane modern highway was a Road to Death.

## *How Do You Rate?*

GEORGE J. MULHERN, '47

Quizzes being all the rage, here is my nomination to baffle the wits of Latin School:

#1 . . . Who is it that “stoppeth one of three”? a. The Latin School infield. b. The Ancient Mariner. c. A Boston traffic policeman.

#2 . . . Who first said “They shall not pass”? a. Your Latin teacher. b. The Greeks at Thermopylae. c. The French army at Verdun.

#3 . . . Who won the 1946 Marathon? a. Johnny Kelly. b. Efstratios Tissa-phernes. c. Stylianos Kyriakides.

#4 . . . Whose “brow is wet with honest sweat”? a. The Village Blacksmith. b. Your Phys. Ed. instructor. c. B.O.

Plenty.

#5 . . . Who wrote “Dixie”? a. Senator Claghorn. b. Dan Emmett. c. Mr. F. E. Boone of Lexington, Ky.

#6 . . . Where did “Shoo-fly Pie and Apple Pan Dowdy” originate? a. Among the Pennsylvania Dutch. b. In a songwriter's imagination. c. In the Latin School Lunchroom.

### *PROBABLE ANSWERS*

1 . . . b; 2 . . . c; 3 . . . c;

4 . . . a; 5 . . . b; 6 . . . a.

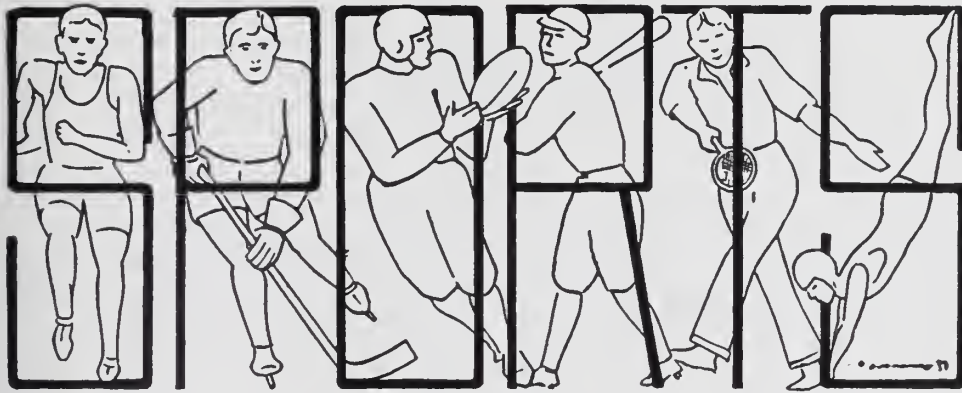
### *RATING*

6 right . . . Genius

5 “ . . . Bright fellow

4 “ . . . Need brushing-up

3 or less . . . Go to English High



## Track

The Boston Latin School team closed a fairly successful season by taking second place in the 41st Annual Regimental Meet. Racking up some sixty-odd points, Latin came closer to knocking English from its throne than it has in several years.

In Class AB "Dave" Gilbert proved conclusively that he was the best hurdler in Boston by beating Conrad Bal-four of English. "Dick" Curran, last year's C-440 champion, continued his winning ways with a first in the AB-600. More points from "Jack" Dempsey in the "1000", but after setting a blistering pace for the laps, a bad stomach forced him to retire from the race. In the two-lap relay, Gilbert, Curran, Rosen, and Dempsey combined to give us five more big points.

Strangely enough, our Class C runners were unable to take a single place. The youngsters from Class D, however,

proved to be the bulwark of the team, coming up with about forty points. "Gerry" Diamond ran off the 50-yard dash, while Johnson and Markoff placed second and third. Another high scorer was "Mike" Mabry, who took a third in the hurdles and a second in the shot-put. "Phil" Flaherty came through to win the high-jump in a walk-a-way, and Del Vecchio surprised every one by nosing out "Herb" Lazarus for first in the broad-jump. The "D" relay team finished second owing to the absence of "Larry" Sperber, who was also favored to eop the "176". The medley, consisting of Wisentauer, Nelson, Drain, and Gallagher, also came in second. Other point-getters in Class D were Jones, Goldberg, Bond, Miller, and Banner. Due credit must be given to Coach Fitzgerald for developing all these young speedsters and also to our likable manager, "Shel" Seevak, for his efficient job.

## Baseball

The "warm" weather is here again, and at Draper Field bats are ringing and balls are flying. Prospects for a winning season on the diamond look brighter than in many a year. Coach Fitzgerald will have only five hold-overs from last

year's varsity, but can depend upon a flock of experienced boys coming up from the J. V. Most of them are sophomores, but what they lack in size, they make up in speed.

The pitching department is expected

to be the big source of strength, paced by the three mainstays of last year's squad,—“Dave” Gilbert, “Chuck” Gibson, and “Osear” Alberti. Add to this trio “Joe” DeLang and Alan Faller, both of last year's J. V., and we have the makings of what looks like a first-rate pitching staff. If all of these boys come through as expected, they should provide the nucleus of what may be the best mound corps in Boston. The other end of the battery will not be weak, either,—with sophomore “Art” Gareia handling the catching chores, assisted by Kelly and Crowley, two promising youngsters.

Looking around the infield, we find two sophomores battling it out for the first base job, with lanky Gene Higgins holding a slight edge over “Herby” Katz. Coach Fitzgerald is lucky to have a veteran combination performing at the keystone sack. “Art” Powell, regular

second baseman, is expected to be a standout performer, and holding down the shortstop berth will be veteran “Gil” Phinn. Rounding out the infield, two red-heads, “Tommy” Dowd and “Pat” Roche, seem to hold the edge in the hotly contested third base job. From here this looks like a good inner cordon.

The needed batting punch may well be found in the outfield. Patrolling the gardens are four boys up from last year's J. V. — “Dave” Kripke, John Devereaux, Frank Irons, and “Phil” Flaherty. . . . Other likely-looking prospects are pitchers Barach, Tierney, and Kowitz, and infielders Meterparel, Connors, Baatz, Gorman, Hewes, and McBride.

If everything turns out right, Latin may emerge from the “second division,” and if Cronin and Southworth CAN'T bring us a pennant, let's hope that Mr. Fitzgerald CAN!

## *Tennis*

Under the able coaching of Mr. Harold Goorvich, the tennis team is entering a new season. Success will not be easy, for only one letter-man is returning from last year's stellar team. He is “Sandy” Squires, expected to perform capably in the Number One position. Emmanuel Balkin will play in the second slot, and Neal Shulman is the No. 3 man. The other four positions are uncertain, since the play-off rounds have not yet been

completed. The leading candidates who will enter the quarter-final round are A. J. Goldberg, Donald Swartz, “Larry” Kaplan, “Sid” Schwartz, and Sheldon Hart. After leading the team through a ten-game schedule, Mr. Goorvich will take them to the City Championships, from June 3rd to the 13th. He hopes to have Squires, last year's City Singles Champion, come out on top again, and expects the other members, too, to make a good showing.



## Alumni Notes

ARNOLD J. BAND, '46

NATHAN A. GREENBERG, '46

Latin School has always been happy to welcome alumni. Among the ex-GI's who have recently visited the school are Ted Gavin, '44; Walter Ackerman, '43; Joseph Dow, '42. The latter, while in the service, was engaged on the Alcan Highway.

Brodde Bjorklund, '37, has recently been discharged from the Navy as Lt. Com. At Latin School, Bjorklund was president of his class and captain of the football team.

Lt. Col. William Thomas Cloney, '29, is returning to the *Boston Herald* as sports writer.

Col. Sumner W. Alton, '23, has been appointed Judge Advocate of the First Service Command with headquarters in Boston.

Mark S. Carroll, '44, and Alexander Traverso, '44, are both patients in the Cushing General Hospital. Both occupied the same ward after both had received wounds in Germany.

David Yee, '46, who left to join the Navy, is awaiting transfer to the China station from Okinawa. He has been there six months.

Sgt. Arthur Grover, '30, is back from India.

Lt. Leo Kruger, '41, now in England, is boxing champion of his company.

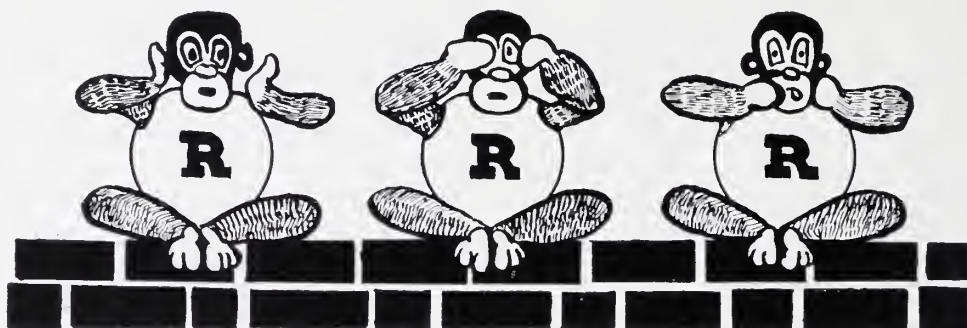
While in Latin School, he participated in sports.

Prof. Stephan H. Bush, head of the department of Modern Languages in Iowa State University, Class of 1896, writes: "This 50-year-old class was not without renown. We have had an Admiral, a medical dean, a speaker of the Massachusetts General Court, a headmaster of Latin School, a professor of Vassar, a professor at M. I. T., two members of the Massachusetts Historical Society, two famous doctors, six college professors, and seven in 'Who's Who,' all out of 38 boys in the class. My Harvard class has not made anything like so good a record."

Of the 25-year class, 1921, three are members of the B.L.S. Faculty: John T. Cray, Francis E. Galline, James A. S. Callanan. Other outstanding members are Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward G. Murray, Rector of St. John's Seminary; Norman S. Rabb, president of Economy Stores; Dr. Henry L. Cabitt, outstanding eye specialist; and two other teachers in the Boston school system.

Matthew Branche, '45, has been elected president of the freshman class at Bowdoin College. Branche was a star on the Bowdoin football team this year. At Latin School, Branche was outstanding in tennis, basketball, track and football. He was captain of the track team.





*February 27:* Here we go again! Another month, another column, and more of that profound wisdom from the penetrating mind of Your R.R.R.

*February 28:* The Aviation Club met today in Hangar 211. Ye Olde R.R.R. listened to an interesting discussion on the best type of elastic bands to obtain the best flight results. . . . Science Club heard a lecture on the pH value of acids and bases. H-mmmm.

*March 1:* College Board Examinations are coming! Yes, suh; they're but a month away and look big from where Yours Truly is sitting.

*March 4:* *Official Bulletin!* Veterans will take over a corner of our most illustrious second floor. Rooms 228 to 232 will be occupied. (The *Register* staff is on the move again!)

*March 5:* With the new *Register* office now located in the late air-raid headquarters beneath Room 114, few loafers are found loafing. (Guess it's too far from the beaten path.)

*March 6:* Ye Olde Rantipole received the monthly report. (And the blood flowed like *borscht*.)

*March 7:* The German Club was fortunate in having Professor Erich Budde, Head of the German Department at Boston University, as guest speaker.

*March 8:* Those "pistol packin'" Sixth Classmen, who spend study periods in Room 212 by shooting each other's shoelaces off, have been at long last, feeling the shortage of "caps". (Maybe Your R.R.R. will be able to pass a

few of those sixth period Latin tests again.)

*March 11:* Today's bulletin strictly forbade the use of "reference sheets" (not to be indelicate). The same holds true for answer books and translations. (Guess some of those coat pockets have had a bit too much bulge lately. Hm-m-m-m, fellows?)

*March 12:* This year's Class Oration winner will be awarded a Derby Medal. (Hand me the larger pitchfork, Zeke.)

*March 13:* As the warm weather becomes still warmer, Ye Olde Sufferer is in conflict with those most honorable masters who, with all due respect, seem to be allergic to fresh air. . . . Fail us! Beat us! Curse us! But by the penates of our glorious alma mater, give us air!!

*March 14:* The next few weeks will see concentrated study by the Seniors. Thanks to Sir Lee Dunn, special practice will be given as preparation for the rapidly approaching College Board Examinations. (Who knows? Perhaps Your R.R.R. will at long last be able to comprehend more than his name during a test.)

*March 15:* *Official bulletin!* Boys are not to raise the lower sash of windows except by a Master's direction. That's all! Tomorrow a petition will be passed around demanding an oxygen tank for every student — in the name of humanity.

*March 18:* Spring must be here; the ea-

dets are drilling in the yard. Those fortunate individuals, who had their pictures taken by "Look Magazine" as they were drilling, were so happy that their noses are still leading them into the clouds.

*March 19:* The first three periods saw Yours Truly sweating it out in 212 with the rest of the third-floor mental giants. (At least the windows were open.)

*March 20:* This year's play, "Arsenic and Old Lace," will be the best yet. Seats will be reserved to add dignity to the gathering. Tickets will be on sale soon!!

*March 21:* More study for College Boards.

*March 22:* Looks as if sports in old B.L.S. are in for a boom. Spring football practice will begin soon under the most expert coaching of Mentor "Rah! Rah!" Swenson.

*March 25:* Outdoor recess began. Yep; in spring, a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of — baseball.

*March 26:* Once again—practice for the College Boards.

*March 27:* Your R.R.R. has developed a special fork for cutting meat. The fork is connected with a battery inducing rapid molecular action, which

causes heat and thus keeps one's meat warm. There is, however, but one problem. The danger of electrically charging one's teeth so that a "sending station" is set up is a great one. (Quiet! I must think!)

*March 29:* William Francis Reynolds, Esq., has won the Spelling Bee for public high schools. Shortly, he'll be off to Washington to give the President the benefit of his vast knowledge. (He also plays a mean trumpet.)

*April 1-5:* Study! Study! Study! Let's see now. Columbus discovered America on April 6, 194 — No! What am I saying? College Boards on Saturday.

*April 8:* Cadet Captains drew for places in Prize Drill today. Colonel Penney's office resembled General Eisenhower's headquarters.

*April 9:* Now, fellow creators, owing to the fact that time is rapidly passing and all good things must eventually cease, the time has come to remove the ribbon from my typewriter, blow out the yellow candle, and place the platinum lock on the "sanctum sanctorum" for another year. Yes, this is the final column to be written by Your R.R.R. for the year 1946. Sid Myers of the Class of '46 now leaves the *Register* room for the last time. (Catch me if you can.)

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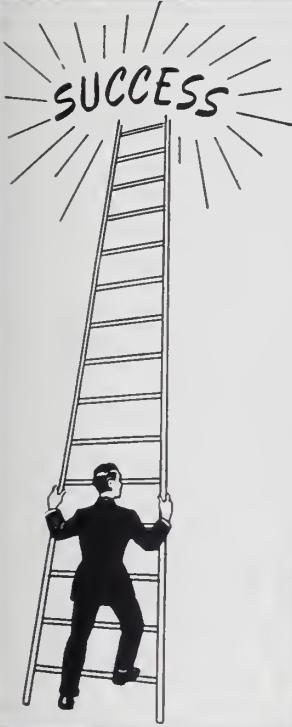
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